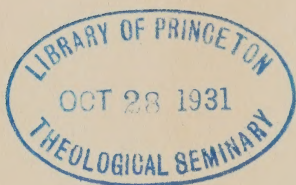


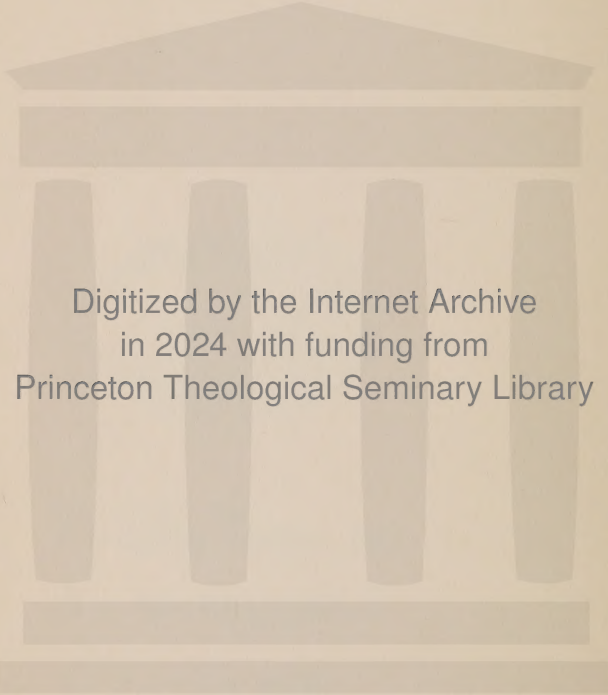
THE NEW
PRIESTHOOD

J. WARREN ALBINSON



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The new priesthood

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THE NEW PRIESTHOOD

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THE NEW PRIESTHOOD

J. WARREN ALBINSON



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TO
MY WIFE

FOREWORD

DR. ALBINSON has asked me to write something in the nature of a foreword to his book "The New Priesthood." I gladly avail myself of the privilege, as I feel sure, after reading the manuscript, that the author's heart is in the accompanying pages and that his sincerity will be apparent to all his readers. Whether or not we thoroughly agree with the premises and conclusions of the sustained argument of the book is a minor matter in relation to the undoubted fact that there is life's blood in what the author has to say.

The underlying note of the appreciation of the lack of authority in the Church is consonant with my own convictions as a Bishop in the Episcopal Church. I am persuaded that it is just here that we discover the inherent and conspicuous weakness of our Household of Faith. We are carrying the genius of democracy beyond the limits of

rational absurdity. Federal and State democracy is vested with executive and legislative powers; but Episcopalian democracy is shorn of all powers executive and legislative save those powers which exist in name only. Our canonical pronouncements adorn and beautify the printed page; but when translated into action they are innocuous to the degree of inefficiency and beyond. A bishop, for instance, is possessed of little, if any technical authority. The authority which is his centers around the respect which the clergy and people may or may not possess for his office, and the affectionate regard which he may or may not engender in the hearts of the members of his diocesan family. He is given a specific work to do; but he is not given the requisite authority wherewith to prosecute his task. A Governor governs, a General issues his edicts; but a Bishop hopes and prays that the good feeling of his constituents will induce them to abide by his politely phrased suggestions! It is an impossible situation, and it runs all along the line, including Priest and People in its nebulous and nefari-

ous scope. We cannot expect our Church to prosper or to achieve constructive advancement when the game is a "free for all," and the referee is lost to sight in the melee of spectators.

I am impressed, as well, with what Dr. Albinson has to say about the Call to the Ministry. As a rule, the Call is to be discovered in externals rather than internals, in the circumstances and environment of a man's life rather than in the still small voice of supernatural occurrences. Religion, after all, is not a matter of the feelings. It is a matter of the willings—"he that willeth to do the will of God shall know." When the Call is accepted, there is something immeasurably more than the acceptance of dogma and tradition, something infinitely better than adherence to an organization. There is the personal friendship of Jesus Christ, the placing of our hand in His hand, and the growing intimacy of the years that comes from ceaseless contact and communion with "the Friend above all other friends." We come to KNOW in whom we have believed.

I trust that God may use this little book to His glory and to the growth and establishment of His Kingdom.

H. P. ALMON ABBOTT

Lexington, Kentucky.

(The Bishop of Lexington)

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THE NEW PRIESTHOOD

CHAPTER I

THE CALL OF THE CHURCH

AS NEVER before the Church is calling for men. The command of Christ, "Go ye forth into all the world and preach the Gospel," urges her on. The millions of souls that have not yet been touched by the message of the Son of God beckon her, and the cries of those still unborn trouble her.

In the United States alone, there are more than 60,000,000 people without any religion at all and the number of non-Christians in the world amounts to the staggering total of 1,167,100,000, nearly twice the number of Christians in the Universe.

The Church feels keenly that it is failing of the high purposes and hopes that dom-

inated the spirits of those who spent their time with Christ between the hour of His Resurrection and His Ascension, and then began their work.

All sorts of inducements have been offered to eligible young men to turn their thoughts towards the priesthood as a vocation. Conferences have been held and glowing pictures painted by golden-tongued orators of the attractive side of clerical life. Great Cathedral services have been sponsored that the glamour of the corporate worship might bestir some slumbering soul. Scholarships and prizes have been offered for men contemplating Holy Orders and still there is no rush of candidates.

The need has been so great and qualified candidates so few that in many instances the bars have been let so far down some very "lame ducks" have waddled across them.

Of course, the theory and intent of the Church is that where exceptions have been made in the cases of men, who are perhaps a little advanced in age, and who have been engaged in business or professions and are judged fit in all other ways, they will be

ordained but restrictions will be placed upon their ministry.

We all know, where once a man has been given orders, how far theory and practice differ.

There is one priest of the Church, in good standing, with whom I can never associate without a feeling of guilt and contamination. He is a man well over middle life and possessed of very little education. The thought of the ministry came to him after he had struggled unsuccessfully for many years in the minor rôles of business life. He approached the Bishop of his diocese, served as a lay reader and time and again tried to pass his examinations for the diaconate and failed each time.

At last the thought came to him that he might do better some place else where the need for men was greater and the chaplains, to whom he would be a stranger, might not "bear down" so hard.

He moved into my diocese, secured his transfer, and came up for his canonicals at the same time that I was taking mine.

There were four of us that year, an excep-

tionally large class, and I think the chaplains were so overjoyed that they were a trifle careless. At any rate, he managed to stagger through the oral examinations without being eliminated, being dispensed of course from Greek and consideration given to his previous education and theological training.

Then came the written examinations. We were left alone, on our honor of course, in the library of the Diocesan House. He was at a table across the room directly opposite the one at which I sat. A question puzzled me and I raised my head to think it out. Unintentionally I gazed directly at him. He started guiltily, moved closer to his table, and I felt, rather than heard, the closing of a drawer. I pretended to pay no attention but went on with my work and after quite an interval had elapsed left the library to get a drink. On my return I came—I won't say unintentionally—quickly through the other door of the library which was about directly behind him. Before he could close the drawer of the table I saw the open book lying within. He knew I had seen it and when I passed he

whispered: "I knew the answer. I was just making sure it was right."

I do not know how I passed my own examination. I was filled with horror and dismay. How could a man aspiring to the Holy Office of the Priesthood even think of cheating in his examination, let alone excuse himself? I was in a quandary. What should I do? If I reported him his chances of ever becoming a Priest would be very slim. Was it right to allow a man to cheat his way into the Priesthood?

When the day was over I took my problem to a Priest I trusted and respected. He was perturbed but said that in this man's case it would not make much difference, for he was coming in under the age consideration and his ministry would be restricted.

That was a dozen years ago and I have noticed that the only restrictions in his case have been his own visible failings. If he wanted a new Parish he went after it on the same footing as any other Priest and if he could sell himself to the Vestry he got it. The fact that he once was called to a Parish I would have liked to have had myself never

made it easier for me to forget what he had done in the examination room.

When we know, in the majority of cases, that it is just a pretty theory, why do we assert, even as lately as in the report of "The Ministry of the Church" at the last Lambeth Conference, that there is such a thing as a restricted ministry?

In spite of all of the efforts of the Church; regardless of the fact many exemptions are made for older men, lacking some of the academic groundwork but otherwise qualified, there remain hundreds of parishes and missions that are vacant.

Many diocesan offices such as those of Canon for Missions, Secretary for Social Service and Secretary for Religious Education, which should be full-time jobs for men specifically trained in those fields, are turned over to Rectors of Parishes near headquarters as part-time occupations because something must be done along those lines and there are no men to fill the places without seriously cutting into the personnel needed for active parochial ministrations.

Another crying need which the Church of

earlier days did not have to face but which, in some sections of the country, has become acute in the last decade, is in the new Semi-Rural Field.

This term "Rural Work" when used in connection with the Church conjures, in the minds of most urban people, a picture of a lonely little church set on a hill or at a cross-roads, with fields stretching far and wide, and here and there a farm house, with attendant outbuildings, rising up to break the smoothness of the sky line.

Such pictures, beautiful though they were, have long since passed away in many populous eastern dioceses. The automobile and the motorbus have spelled the death knell of the strictly rural community. The flat, fertile farm lands, which were so easy to plow and to sow, have lent themselves just as readily to the laying of streets and the cutting up into building lots. Rural sections have disappeared and suburbs have grown.

The rural aspects, however, were not lost immediately, nor did old inhabitants become urbanified over night. Ruralness is primarily a state of mind and not of matter and

it sometimes takes many years to eradicate it. Anyone who has moved from the city to a small, growing town and tried to help in civic and social problems has been generally made aware of that fact.

Understanding this, it can be easily seen that even where a Parish may seem outwardly and visibly suburban there are within its boundaries many rural problems.

A Parish Church may be located in a town that is very rapidly becoming a suburb of a neighboring city. Under its supervision there may be a chapel in a nearby small mill town and in a distant corner of the parish area an isolated mission. Here we would have rural work in several of its phases going hand in hand with city parochial life. The entire area of the Parish, including the two small missions, would cover many little settlements, and as the rector, when they were fortunate enough to have one, ran up and down the roads making his week-day visits, he would feel that those who were visited could use the same roads to bring them to the Church on Sunday. A strong central

Parish Church is much more efficient than many scattered, weak missions.

The members of the Parish would be of many types and diversified interests. There would be bankers, a few brokers, business men, factory executives, an author or two, schoolmen, clerks, operatives, students, farmers and field hands. It would require a specially trained and adaptable priest to minister successfully among them.

How exactly to the opposite from its needs is the way in which we handle such situations today.

These places are at present the "jumping-off" stations either for callow priestlings, getting their experience at the expense of the few faithful communicants who will worship God "according to the custom of the Church" no matter what the difficulty may be, while on the lookout for better paying and better established parishes or for superannuated clergy browsing away their declining years.

I have particularly in mind, as I write, a parish that peculiarly fits the description of such a place.

It is a church that may boast of a history of a century or more as an organized parish and its central place of worship is one of those beautiful stone structures erected in the days of low wages and uncostly materials; a perfect plant to work with but one that has suffered many vicissitudes in its years.

The parish had its inception in this wise: An English Iron Company in the latter part of the eighteenth century owned many forges and furnaces on the rivers that were in the vicinity. They established the Church in one of their warehouses at or near the confluence of three rivers, where the workmen of the said Company, who were mostly members of the Church of England, met at stated times to receive their wages. Later a little frame church was built on the banks of one of the rivers.

Sometime before the War of 1812 the popular feeling against Englishmen had become so great and oppressive that the iron company was compelled to discharge its workmen and dispose of its forges and furnaces.

With the departure of the company and its employees the members of the parish

could no longer support a resident priest and services were held at rare intervals.

As the years went by a few wealthy church families established homes around the nearby lake and the Parish began to pick up. A rector was secured and things went along merrily. Even a flood, which washed away the frame church, proved no setback. They simply moved farther away from the river and set up the present beautiful church. But the building was not only covered by a roof. There was also a blanket consisting of a very large mortgage which was made larger when a year after the church was erected, it was destroyed by fire and had to be rebuilt.

Even this would not have hurt very much. The thing that did hurt (this sounds like fiction but it is gospel truth) was that every last one of the wealthy families interested in the church fell upon troubled times, lost all of their money, and disappeared from the community.

Raising the funds to pay the interest on the mortgages was a difficult task for those who remained. They had no trained leader. The rector had gone when the money went.

All they could offer a clergyman was six hundred dollars per annum, if they could raise it with his help, and for years the only clergy they had were young deacons the bishop had no stronger mission or parish for at the present, or some old priest who would feel that by being there he was earning the charity that was being doled out to him by the Bishop.

At the close of the World War, there moved into the parish a young officer, who established himself in business. He was a churchman and prior to the war had been studying for the priesthood. The young man inquired about services the first Sunday he was in town and found that the church was closed. He made a survey of the situation and learned that in the last five years there had been five different rectors (high, low, broad, and indifferent) with lapses of time during which the services when held, were conducted by lay readers. Because of this fact the church had lost the confidence of its members who had drifted into other communions, attached themselves to a church in the nearby city, or remained inactive. If

a new family moved into town and said they were Episcopalians, they were urged to come to the Evangelical Church, "as all the best people went over there and the Episcopal Church was practically dead anyway."

To make a long story short, the young man went to see the Bishop, had a long talk with him, offered his services as lay reader for the parish, became a candidate for Holy Orders and started to finish his theological studies after business hours, did his pastoral work at night and conducted three services in the parish every Sunday.

The first thing he had to do was to clear the atmosphere. In order that a church may live, it is essential that it should assume a respected and useful place in the community. Contacts had to be made and the best place to begin was with his own people. An esprit de corps had to be awakened. By going through all of the old records a list of people who had shown an interest, however slight, in the church was compiled and systematic calls were made. In any phase of rural work the pastor's house to house visits are a most important part of his duties. A

church paper, published monthly was inaugurated and mailed to every name on the list. He also compiled a Church Directory and sent it to nearly every person in the Parish area. He used the local newspapers to the best advantage, getting in every item of news related to the church that he could. Every so often he sent post-cards to communicants inviting them to the Eucharist. In short, the church was kept before the people constantly and by every available means.

This work among his own people had its natural effect upon the other inhabitants of the community. They noticed the increased attendances, evidenced by the automobiles parked near the church on Sunday mornings. They saw that the church was living and moving and their attitude towards it slowly changed. Soon they ceased to speak of it as "the little Episcopal Church" and less confidently offered welcome at the Evangelical church to new Episcopalians moving into the community.

In order to keep his own people interested it was necessary to give them something to do. He found that there were two sorts of

women in the parish, the housewives and those who were employed during the day in the shops and mills. Two guilds were formed. One was for the women who were not employed and met in the different homes in the afternoon of a specified and regular day. This organization helped greatly in extending the feeling of good will toward the parish. It promoted social affairs that the entire community could enjoy, giving non-members a sort of neighborly interest in the parish and many a subsequent communicant made their first contact with the church at a party held in the parish house. A social service committee from this guild co-operated with similar committees from the other churches in town and prevented much duplication of relief in charitable cases. The second guild met in the evening at the parish house, serving primarily as an altar guild, but pledging itself to work for any special object he might designate.

Nor were the men neglected. In spite of the fact that in the town in which the church was situated there were lodges of Masons, Junior Order, Moose, Red Men and Elks, a

men's club was formed that met once a month. After organizing them, he kept his hands off. They had their own committee which was responsible for the supplying of speakers. They had a visiting speaker at each meeting, and they did such good work that, although there were times when the lodges could hardly gather a quorum for their regular meetings, the meetings of the Men's Club were always overflow affairs and proved a benefit to the community as a whole as well as the church.

A problem developed with the young people of the town, as it has in so many semi-rural districts where there are no secular social agencies functioning. The Parish hall was thrown open to them as a sort of community club room where they could meet one another under sympathetic supervision.

Opportunity for creating still greater friendly feeling came when local community organizations, holding benefit affairs for worthy purposes, were offered the use of the parish house. To increase this feeling many personal contacts had to be made. He was at one and the same time chaplain of the lo-

cal Masonic lodge, the fire department, the police department and three American Legion posts besides being a regular member of the hook and ladder company, president of the local baseball league, and recreation commissioner of the town.

He invited these organizations once each year to a service of the church and in this way many made their first acquaintance with its liturgy. Most non-churchmen feel that an Episcopal Church is a private house of worship, only for the initiated, and act as though they were intruders when they venture within. The only way they can ever understand our church is by coming inside when they feel that they have a right to be there, and the best medium for that is a community service. He discovered, one year, that the Evangelical-minded people of the town were looking for something on Good Friday that their church did not supply. He noticed a handful or two, with apologetic looks on their faces, slipping quietly in and out during the services. The next year he invited the minister and his congregation to observe the "Three Hours" with him and his

people. The first year the minister wore a frock coat and appeared ill at ease. The second year he wore an academic gown, and the next year he had some sort of an arrangement that fitted into the gown like a cassock vest, wore a clerical collar, and revered the altar upon entering and leaving the chancel.

He may not be able to make Episcopalians out of the entire population of the parish, but by giving them the opportunity of knowing our worship he is at least dispelling the inherited fear of "Popery" and tilling the ground for seeds of Catholic teaching.

He found that in semi-rural work the personal touch was all essential. People had to be frequently visited and also invited to the rectory. Those who lived far distant from the church were never allowed to forget that they were members of the church even though they attended services but once or twice a year.

One of his communicants is an elderly gentleman, who in his youth was devout communicant and organist of his parish church. Life takes strange turnings and this man is

now, and has been for many years, the proprietor of a country inn, the bar of which I think still operates as it did in pre-war days. On the afternoon of the day before Christmas, about six years ago, the Rector took his car to a local garage to put it into condition so that it would not fail him later in the evening when he might need it for various duties before the "Midnight Mass." He had been working on it himself at home and was dressed in an old flannel shirt and trousers. As he stepped from his car a big limousine rolled up and the big man who was driving it said, "Here, boy! Change my rear tire. It's going flat." Without batting an eye he walked into the garage, procured the necessary tools and changed the tire. When he had finished, the man in the car handed him a dollar bill. He returned it with a smile and "That's all right, Mr. Blank, I'm your rector. Oh! by the way, I'll be looking for you at the "Midnight Mass" tonight.

Old Mr. Blank never tires of telling that story to all who will listen, and every Christmas eve at eleven-thirty he closes his place,

brings all his guests who will come and attends the "Midnight Mass." It is the only service he ever attends and as he kneels in his pew there are times when the tears course down his cheeks. He may be thinking of the early days when he took official part in such a service. And who knows the measure of good that is being accomplished by his strange ministry? What seeds may have been sown in the minds and hearts of some of those who are brought by his enthusiasm to the cradle of Christ on his natal day?

Of course, everything has not been all rose colored. There have been some hard blows and keen disappointments. There have been times when ignorance caused results that made the heart burn; when charity and sacrifice seemed so forgotten.

Tangible results have been these:

Ten years ago there were about one hundred communicants on the parish list and very few of these were active. Today there are nearly four hundred communicants; all in good standing according to the canons of the church.

Ten years ago the total income of the

church averaged much less than a thousand dollars per year. Last year the income was over five thousand dollars.

Ten years ago the church carried an enormous mortgage and was heavily in debt. To-day there is a new rectory, no debt of any kind except current bills, and the church people after nearly a century and a half are worshipping in a consecrated building.

This was accomplished mainly on account of the fact that the rector, in the early days of reorganization, did not have to depend for his living upon what the congregation could pay as a salary. The truth is that for the first four years he accepted as a stipend but ten dollars a month and returned that and much more to the coffers of the church. For those four years he was gainfully employed and was allowing the church to strengthen its own life blood.

What has been done in that old parish could be done in hundreds of other parishes and missions of the church. Their dry bones are calling for someone to come and bring them back to life. The need is great but men like the one I have described are few.

I have talked with this young man at times, for I know him very well, and once I asked him if ever he had any regrets at having left behind the interesting world of business and a salary of four figures for the difficult work of a parish priest and the comparatively small sum the church was paying him for his services. He laughed and his face lighted up as he replied, "Why, Doctor, I get more 'kick' every day out of some little service I may have been able to perform for one of God's neglected ones than I used to get when I turned a ten thousand dollar deal."

I remember a story he told me during one of our conversations.

One evening, just as he was about to retire, the telephone bell rang. He took off the receiver and a voice said, "Is this the Rev. Mr. Smith?" He replied in the affirmative and the voice continued, "I'm Mr. Brown, the insurance agent. I've just left Mrs. Green's house. She is dying of pneumonia. The physician has given her up. She's one of your church members and I thought you might like to know." He thanked the voice, hung up the receiver, and left for the Green's

home. The house was in the section that had been the original old steel mill town on the banks of the river, about a mile distant from the newer part of the village that had moved farther back towards the hills. Here had once dwelled the prosperous workmen of the mills. The houses had been plain, but trim and substantial structures of their period. Their halcyon days, however, had long since passed. They were now, for the most part, grim unpainted shacks; some with gaping empty window sashes; others with rags or newspapers stuffed in where panes had been, to keep out the cold. Door yards that had once been green, inviting lawns, now never boasted a single blade of grass. The skeletons of a few picket fences gave mute evidence as to where some of the inhabitants had procured their winter's fuel. During the day dirty, ragged children played in the streets while slattern even dirtier mothers called to one another through open windows or from one porch to the other. Husbands, there were not many. Their men folk seemed transient. At night snarling, half-starved dogs roamed the roads and mangy cats

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scampered through the yards. The one exception to the general rule was the Green family and the house in which they lived. True, it was badly in need of a coat of paint, but it had a clean look and its windows could boast of being completely glazed and they shone in the sun. The inside of the house was spick and span. Rag carpets and linoleum covered the floors. Mrs. Green was a spruce little woman, with two small children, a boy and a girl, who were always washed and starched even if their clothing was sometimes patched. "Just because you are poor, you don't have to be dirty," was a slogan often on Mrs. Green's lips. She and her family were like dainty flowers blooming in a muck heap. Her husband was an uneducated laborer and jobs he could fill didn't pay much money. That is why they lived there. All this went through the rector's mind as he hurried through the streets. He came to the house, a light was burning in the window of the half-story upstairs. He knocked softly, pushed the door open and entered. The husband stood at the head of the stairs looking down at him, his eyes dumb

with lack of sleep and grief. He could hear the woman's labored breathing, the fluid was fast filling her lungs, the death rattle was in her throat. He went quickly up the stairs and into the room. The woman's eyes were glazed and she was not conscious. There was no doubt that she would be gone before morning. The rector looked at the woman's husband. A picture of the future passed through his mind. This man without the restraining influence of the splendid woman who lay dying there, would fall to pieces and become integral part of the muck heap in which he lived. The children would have no chance. They would become like the other brats in the adjoining hovels. Not often had the rector dared to ask for life when it appeared that God willed death, but this time it seemed to him that the woman was needed more in this world, with her husband and her children, than in the other. He sank to his knees and talked to God as he had never talked to him before. He got up from his knees in a few moments and began to hustle. Leaving the husband in the room with his wife, he went down to the kitchen and put

some water on the stove to heat. He wanted some whiskey, not the cut, drug store kind. There was an ex-senator in town who knew his liquor and liked it. He went out, jumped into his car, drove to the ex-senator's palatial home, begged a quart of rye and got it. That gentleman did not even ask him what it was for. He returned to the Green home, diluted some of the whiskey with the hot water, and gave it to the husband with instructions to feed it to his wife a drop at a time and then went out and headed his car toward the next town, three miles distant. When he returned, he had a companion. She was the company nurse employed by one of the factories in the neighboring community. She went to work in a practiced and professional manner. Through the long night, she kept the rector heating water and filling hot water bottles. Just before dawn she said to him, "I believe that if we could get the doctor to give this woman a digitalis she would pull through." Out to the car he went again and was soon at the doctor's home. A sleepy figure in pajamas and dressing gown answered his ring. Luckily, he was a young

doctor and he still respected clergymen. The doctor heard his story and said, "I don't think there is any hope. I did all I could for her at ten o'clock last night, but if you insist I'll come along and do what you say." He did insist and in a short time he, the doctor and the nurse were standing at the bedside and the doctor was wiping the point of a needle prior to returning it to its case.

A few days later the physician came to him and said, "You know that woman you made me come to see the other morning?" "Yes." "Well, there is no reason why she should not get better. Everything is going along fine, but there is a mental quirk. I don't think she is trying to get well. Will you go and talk to her?" The rector went.

The outcome of the story is this:

The woman lives and is well and happy with her family. The town now has a community nurse for the service of people who cannot afford private nurses during spells of sickness. The ex-senator became interested in the muck heap, bought the entire place from the heirs of the company that owned it, repaired and painted all of the houses and

gave the people living there an opportunity to make good and buy their homes on easy terms. Of course, some, like rats, scuttled away to another heap, but a fair percentage made the philanthropy worth while.

There is another spot, with which I am acquainted, in one of our dioceses that is almost primeval. It is only forty miles from the largest city in the world and yet it stands in the midst of a forest of second-growth timber. People flash by in their automobiles along the State highway to one of the largest summer resort lakes of the East and never imagine that peering at them, from between the trees, are eyes belonging to human beings whose outlook on life is more like that of animals than men. In the summer, when the leaves are on the trees and underbrush, a stranger could wander along the winding trails and believe the place uninhabited and desolate. He would not hear a human sound nor catch a glimpse of a human figure. The houses are hidden by the foliage and like denizens of the jungle, who live in mortal fear of every foreign noise, these people scuttle away and hide at sound or sight of

a stranger's approach. I have been told that their progenitors were deserting Hessian soldiers who co-habited with the female slaves of the region, and it is also suggested that there is a trace of Indian blood in their veins. They have the color, but only in rare cases the features, of the negro. They look upon themselves as being colored people but are tremendously offended if one should speak of them as being negroes. I remember, after a mission was started among them, the diocesan paper referred to them as being a negro congregation. That little slip nearly wrecked the mission. It had been hoped, when the mission was started, that eventually a colored priest could be secured to carry on the work. This thought had to be abandoned because these people are not negroes and will not have a negro as their pastor. A colored Baptist preacher from a real negro settlement a short distance away attempted to do some work among them but was very quickly discouraged.

The present work of our Church there had its inception in this way. The rector of the parish church about thirteen miles away was

called one night by a parishioner and told that the mother of her nurse-maid, who came from this settlement, was dying and he was asked if he would mind going to see her. Directions for finding the house were given him and he started out. After he got well into the forest he came to a steep up-grade, where the road was narrow and full of rocks and gulleys. He decided it would be better to proceed on foot so he left the car and started to walk up the hill. It was very dark, as the light of the moon penetrated but weakly through the trees. All sorts of forest noises were in the air. Suddenly, almost at his side, came a piercing shriek. His hair stood straight on end. It sounded again and he realized that it came from an owl. A fierce barking of dogs sounded in the distance and he hoped they would not come his way.

At last he reached the place. It was little more than a hut. The door opened into what was a combination kitchen, living room and sleeping quarters. In that small room, beside the dying woman, eight others had their beds. The clergyman did what he could

to comfort the family and made arrangements to conduct a funeral service after the inevitable demise.

The woman was an old inhabitant, had made a place for herself in the community, and the funeral was largely attended and the weepings and wailings were copious. Later, the rector discovered that when a baby or young child died it was just simply nailed in a plain box and buried without any service and not much sorrow, even on the part of the parents. It took quite a while for him to get them to realize that a baby meant as much to God as an adult.

After the funeral service he decided that some work must be done among these people and he started a Sunday School. Soon he had nearly a hundred pupils ranging in age from two weeks to ninety-four years. Not being able to find time to carry on the work regularly himself, he secured the assistance of a young seminarian and put him in charge. One cold winter Sunday he noticed the young fellow return minus an overcoat that he had worn when he had left to conduct his services. He asked him where his

coat was and learned that a youngster had come to the Sunday school that bitter day with nothing to cover the upper part of his body but a ragged old chemise. The assistant without a moment's hesitation had given the boy his overcoat.

It would take many chapters to tell of the splendid things that have been done in those wilds, in the heart of civilization, since the work has been inaugurated there. One story will serve to show how completely ignorant the majority were, of the outside world, in the early days of that Sunday School. They had been slowly taught the form and worship of the Church. Each Sunday the school period was brought to a close with a shortened form of evening prayer. A little choir had been formed and outfitted with cast-off vestments from the parish Church.

One year, in connection with the Every Member Canvass, a sectional service was being held in the largest church of the nearest city and all the choirs of the churches in the district had been invited to come and form one great choir for the Service. The assistant was proud of his little band and

asked if his choir could not go along with the others. The rector thought it would be a splendid opportunity for them to get a vision of the Greater Church, so on the night of the service he drove up to the mission, piled the half-dozen members of the choir in the rear of his sedan and started for the city. Reaching the city, he was driving in the car tracks on one of the main thoroughfares when an excited voice called from the rear, "Hurry up, Mister! There's a great big lunch wagon chasing you down the street and it's right behind us." The owner of the voice, a girl of twenty-two, had never before seen a trolley-car.

It might be added that while the offerings of the mission consisted mainly of pennies, it managed to provide fifteen dollars a month toward its own expenses and five dollars a month for the diocese.

There are within striking distance of that same parish church other communities, which while not so primitive, have been equally destitute of spiritual ministrations. In that one parish area a missionary could be occupied every day of the week.

There is another kind of work that needs to be done in certain districts. In many places in the East streams have been dammed, artificial lakes formed, and bungalow colonies started within a stone's throw of one another. There is one spot in a northern State, where there are fifteen such ponds in a ten mile area. The people, for the most part, live in not distant cities and are at the lakes, as a rule, just for the week-end. They are vacationing and will not go from the spot to attend church, but will flock to the community house, by the water's edge, to attend a service when it is an added attraction at their own resort. People who lose contact with the Church in the summer find it harder and harder to resume winter worship as the years go on, and little by little they are lost to the Church. Two priests, if they were available, could serve those communities during the summer months and save a good many souls from drifting.

We do not need stories like these to show us how badly the Church is in need of men. Leaving the thought of advance work entirely out of our calculations, just glance

through the Living Church Annual with me and see how many established positions there are and how many clergy we have to fill them.

By the process of addition and subtraction we find that there are 2,140 parishes and missions in the United States alone that are without resident clergy. Every mission is a potential self-supporting parish and personally I know of not one case of a mission failing, within a short time, to become a parish when a hard working, spiritually minded priest gave his whole time and thought to it.

Is it any wonder, with its ranks so decimated, that the Church is calling for men?

CHAPTER II

WHY IT IS NOT ANSWERED

FOR many generations we have been brought up to think of the ministry as a peculiar field. We have looked upon it as more of an avocation, in the sense of being called away from the ordinary pursuits of men, than as a vocation. Even the most blase of laymen have a mental picture of God looking over the world of men, in just the same manner as a contractor would look over a group of laborers, and picking out a number of lively looking youngsters to work for Him. They are supposed to receive the summons in such a way that it is beyond human power to disobey the call. They may hesitate and be slow to answer, but in the end they must respond. It is inevitable. We believe this because time and time again we have read the life story of one of God's servants, or heard it directly from his lips and in each instance much stress is laid upon the

fact that the saintly person who is relating the tale had other and baser intentions for the disposal of his worldly time and talents, but the Almighty Father decided in his infinite wisdom that he could use this feeble and impotent tool as an instrument to help, in a small way, to draw men nearer to him. Many a youth has been steered away from the priesthood simply because when the time for the decision to be made came, he could not "kid" himself into believing that in an unmistakable and different way God was singling him out to be his standard bearer.

I know that in my own case I never would have become a priest of the Church if my rector had not been a very wise and unceited clergyman. I was just seventeen and the Church appealed to me strongly. I was not overly fond of studies. High school had been finished the year before and I had not yet made up my mind that I wanted to go to college. I thought, however, that if I could aspire to a position as a spokesman for the people in their praise of God, I would wade through any number of books and be

willing to spend the half of my life in preparation.

The great drawback was this: I knew that the ambition was my own. I had had no visions of angels beckoning me to approach the throne of God. I had never been awakened in the middle of the night by the sound of a heavenly voice calling to me as Samuel had been called of old. My idea was that you did not come to God and offer him your services. You waited until you were asked, just as you were bid into a college fraternity.

Nothing further would have developed if my rector had not called at the house one evening to see my father. Father had not yet come in and I was sitting in the library entertaining him while he waited. The talk drifted to me and my plans for the future. He asked me what I had thought of doing; becoming a physician, a lawyer or going into business with my father. I told him I did not know; that I really would like to be a minister but that I felt I was not good enough. My rector laughed in a gentle way and said "Jimmy, if everyone waited until they felt that they were good enough to serve

God as one of his priests I am afraid there would not be very many of us in this World. None of us are good enough. We just give what we have and what we are and hope that God will make use of us."

He kept in touch with me after that and gradually made me see clearly that, in most cases, God's ways were natural ways and that my thinking of the ministry could be just as truly a message from God as a direct summons.

I wonder why we feel that way about the ministry? Perhaps that is the way our better selves would prefer to have God work. I don't think that many of us really like the freedom of will that God has given us. We realize how inclined to selfishness and sin we are and in our happier moments wish that God would be more arbitrary.

How much easier it would be for him and for the Church if men just had to obey him.

Recently I was talking to a clergyman who, before taking orders, had been a very successful business man. He said, "I get so terribly annoyed with people who constantly say what a splendid thing it was for me to

leave my business and come into the Church, and what a sacrifice it must have been for me to give up my large income for the pittance that is called a priest's salary. Why, man, it wasn't anything splendid or glorious or self-sacrificing on my part. On the contrary, if looked at in the way other things are, it was the most selfish thing I ever did in my life. I love the work. It is what I have wanted to do all my life. I didn't have to do it. I could still be in the business world making more money than I could spend. I am a priest now because I want to be a priest and wouldn't be anything else. It is true that I don't waste as much as I used to; that I smoke five cent cigars and a pipe once in a while instead of Corona-Corona-Coronas, but otherwise I and my family have everything else that we need, none of us look as if we were starving to death and no one would accuse us of going around dressed in rags or with our toes peeping out of cracks in our shoe leather. I can't see anything so noble and splendid and self-sacrificing in a man doing just exactly what it pleases him most to do."

If we could banish the thought of the necessity of a special and peculiar command of God that a man enter the ranks of the priesthood we would do away forever with a fundamental reason why many young men do not answer the call of the Church.

Two young men are prepared for confirmation. They come with their class to the parish church for the Bishop's visitation. The Bishop lays his hands upon their heads and to each he says, "Defend, O Lord, this thy child with thy heavenly grace; that he may continue thine for ever; and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit more and more, until he come unto thy everlasting kingdom."

One of the young men is thinking of the priesthood; the other expects to become a lawyer. Is God accepting one and refusing the other? Is one going to daily increase in the Holy Spirit more and more and not the other, simply because God wills it? Is it an absolute certainty that the boy who becomes the priest will be more saintly than the one who becomes a lawyer? Would it be contrary to God's Will to attempt to persuade

the young law student to give his talents to the Church even though he has no sense of feeling that God has spoken directly to him? Is not the humblest member of any parish theoretically on an equal plane, spiritually, with the priest? Is not the only difference one of training that enables the priest to act in an executive capacity in the congregation of the faithful and fits him to receive the authority to do so?

Another very obvious and practical reason why some men do not answer the call of the church, even though it comes to them with the utmost clarity, is that of economic pressure.

It is a very strange thing, but true, ever since the inception of the Christian ministry by the banding together of the little group of apostles by our Lord Jesus Christ, that the majority of those who hear the call to serve Him come not from homes of wealth, or even from the families of the moderately well-to-do, but from domiciles that have, at times, known the pinch of poverty. These men have known what it meant to appreciate, if not a slice of dry bread and a cup of water,

a piece of cake and a glass of milk. They have known what it meant to go a little hungry when provisions were scarce, in order that all might have a share. They have had the experience of wearing the made over garments of an older brother or father and shoes that were too big for their tiny feet. They have learned the necessity for mutual co-operation in the struggle for existence and they have understood how to receive with gratitude.

Perhaps this intimate knowledge of a condition of affairs contrary to the ideas of what should exist in a world ruled by a Merciful and Heavenly Father has been the medium for opening their eyes to God's plan for mankind and the urge to make them desire to help Him.

In one of my parishes there was an elderly gentleman, the retired editor of a nationally known magazine. He was a sincere Christian and a churchman to the bone. He was licensed as a lay reader and often assisted me with the Services of the church. Once he showed me some sermons he had written and

after that, contrary to canons, he preached for me occasionally.

I asked him why he had not prepared for the ministry as it was very evident that his love for and knowledge of the Church was of long standing and not something that had been acquired later in life.

He told me that he had been born in England and it had been his mother's and his own dearest wish, that he might become a priest of the Church of England. His father was a sea captain and the family, like those of most sailors, soldiers and firemen was a large one. He was the youngest of nine. The father's income was sufficient to provide for the needs of the family, but not much was left to build up a surplus. One day his father sailed away and never came back. The god of the sea had claimed another hostage. The dream of the boy and his mother was ended. Every one of the family now had to do his share of providing for the family wants. He, eventually, learned the trade of a printer.

After the death of his mother he came to America, followed his trade, studied at night,

and one bright morning found himself at an editor's desk. He had married shortly after his arrival in America. Now his wife had gone to her reward, his children grown and married, and he had returned to his first love—the Church.

Think of the loss to the church, all those years, of a mind capable of carrying an immigrant boy from the press and composing rooms to the position of first importance in the establishment.

Contrary to common impression the average young man, when he is deciding on a path to follow for his life's career, is not thinking of his first million. As a matter of fact the question of the money to be made very rarely enters into his calculations. It is only when the fact that he must live is pointed out to him that his mind wavers from one profession to another. He would not sit down to analyze the situation as a more mature person would. He would not try to learn whether his choice of a profession was over or under-manned; take stock of his own fitness for the work, or even consider the technical education required for success in

the field. He wants to make a name for himself and he would dream dreams. The visions that made the greatest impression on his mind would be the one that stuck to him and shaped his destiny.

The boy who one day becomes a lawyer has not had in the beginning the thought of three long years in a school of law, followed by a year's duty as a clerk in a law office before he can take his examinations and appear in a case before the bar.

What he visions is perhaps a celebrated murder trial. There is the judge, attentive on the bench; the jury, twelve good men and true, all attention; the prosecuting attorney with a look of defeat on his countenance; the defendant, a beautiful, young girl with downcast eyes and a tear upon her cheek. The doors are locked and multitudes, denied admittance, are murmuring and shuffling in the corridor and in the street outside the courthouse. Every eye is fixed upon a central figure. That figure is his own. He rises to begin his address to the jury. The vast audience hangs upon his every word as he makes his impassioned plea for the life and

freedom of this beautiful, more sinned against than sinning child, who struck in defense of her own honor, and in stamping out the life of a slimy reptile assumed the rôle of benefactress to numerous other maidens who would have eventually fallen into the toils of the snake.

After the flow of oratory the jury never leaves the box. The verdict is unanimous. The prisoner leaves the dock. Her tears are dried. Her eyes are shining, and modestly he accepts her enthusiastic, grateful kiss. The crowd is in an uproar. His name is on every lip. The Court raps in vain for order and the picture fades.

It is the hope of, some day, realizing this dream that keeps him pouring over law books through his college days. The filing of reports and seeking precedents and preparing briefs lose their sense of drudgery, for they are but stepping stones to his big moment; the moment that will make him once and for all the peer of any who have ever stood before a bar of justice, pleading for a client.

The embryonic physician never sees himself as a weary country doctor prescribing

for cases of whooping cough, measles and mumps; routed out of bed at four a. m. by excited and inexperienced young mothers. No! He visualizes himself, perhaps, as the central figure in a great and terrible epidemic, fighting almost single handed the disease that has laid all others low; resting neither day nor night until, with victory in sight, he collapses, but the world is saved.

Or perhaps it is another scene. He is standing in the spotless, white-tiled operating room of a large and famous hospital. A nurse is busy laying out a row of burnished, sterilized instruments. A brother physician is preparing to administer an anesthetic. On the operating table in the center of the room lies a young man, deformed and suffering since childhood. His father, a wealthy man, has spared no expense in an effort to have him made normal. Hundreds of surgeons have been consulted. All have tried and admitted their defeat. The boy is brought to him. He knows he can effect a cure.

The operation is over. It is a success. The grateful billionaire sends his million dollar

check and the miracle man looks for harder cases.

The future general sees beyond the four years grind in the military academy. His mind leaps quickly over the possibilities of tedious years of peace-time soldiering in god forsaken, isolated army posts. Even the grim and unpleasant details of active warfare are obscured. The long, hard, forced marches; the interminable waits; the weary weeks in muddy trenches; the slow advance across shell pitted terrain have no place in his picture.

He sees himself, at the head of his men, in a victorious advance. They approach the edge of a woods and are held up by machine gun fire. One of his lieutenants volunteers to take a squad, circle to the rear of the enemy and silence the nest. They start out, but are discovered and annihilated. No longer can he sacrifice his men. He alone must expose himself to the deadly hail of lead. Taking a grenade in each hand he crawls along the ground. The bullets whine above his head and kick up dust around him. Forward he creeps. Suddenly, he feels a

burning sensation in his left leg, like the touch of a lighted match to naked flesh. He is hit, but he feels no pain, only anger. He can move his leg. He advances more cautiously. He can make out the gun crew now. They are but a few yards from him. He raises himself quickly and throws both grenades. There is a deafening roar, then silence. The rat-tat-tat of the machine gun has ceased. His men rush forward cheering. The advance continues. He is evacuated to the hospital and awaits his *croix de guerre*.

In most instances the choice of profession is influenced not by the everyday life of the calling but by the thought that some day there is the possibility of standing head and shoulders over all rivals and being acclaimed of men. And indirectly connected with every dream is the element of service to fellow men.

Should it not be easy to take these future lawyers, doctors and generals and point out to them that in the service of the Church lies the possibility of realizing their every dream?

What could be more satisfying to any lawyer's mind than to stand in some great ca-

thedral pleading with the multitude for the Son of Man?

What could be more intensely pleasing to a doctor sense than the cure and transformation of a sin sick soul?

What could thrill a soldier's heart more than single handed conflict with the legions of Hell?

Ah, yes! That would be easy. But every one of them knows there is a long time to wait before his dream is realized, if ever. There are also many other things they want while they are waiting for the "big chance."

They have seen what happens in the ordinary lives of lawyers, doctors, soldiers and clergymen. The comparison does not make them lean toward the priesthood.

The lawyer and the doctor can set a fee for their pleadings and their cures. They do not have to take up a collection or accept a present. If a client or patient is slow in remitting the State will lend its aid to the enforcement of the payment of the bills. I wonder how long law and medicine would be overcrowded if people could make their

choice as to whether or not they would pay for services rendered?

The soldier knows that while he is waiting for the great world conflict a grateful government will be issuing a monthly check that will grow larger as the years advance and his rank increases. He knows too, that even if that moment never comes and he grows too old to lead his men in war, he can end his days in peace and plenty on his retirement pay.

Yes, these reasons, and many more, influence these men in their choice.

They know also, that consideration has been given for the time they have spent in fitting and preparing themselves for their profession. Not only the law but also common sense protects them from the quack or charlatan. If a man wants to plead a case at law for another, he must have passed his bar examinations and have been admitted to practice. If a person wants to hang out his "shingle" as a physician he must be licensed by the State. If an individual wants to serve as an officer in the army he must be commissioned by the government. Anyone who tries

to go ahead on his own account will end up a sadder and wiser man. But let any Tom, Dick or Harry, even though he be obviously unlettered and ignorant, stand on a soap box on a street corner and shout that he is a minister of Christ, commissioned to save souls, and ten out of ten laymen will call him "Reverend" and accept him as such.

When it comes to physical illness or a point of secular law the average person will accept the advice of none but a registered physician or an accredited lawyer. But in a matter of spiritual sickness or ecclesiastical law the opinion of a next-door neighbor is often taken as final.

A young man of my acquaintance was hesitating between medicine and the church. He had really altruistic motives and he was trying to decide in which field he could best serve mankind. He studied medicine. This is why. He was a member of a church in one of our larger eastern cities. It was called the mother parish of that section. For thirty years the rector, a gentleman and a scholar, had labored there in God's vineyard establishing outposts that grew into self-support-

ing parishes as the population of the city increased. But the rector was growing old and his "voice had lost its sweetness like a bell that no more chimed." It had also become increasingly hard for him to make his daily rounds of door bell pushing. He asked for an assistant, but the Vestry claimed they could not afford one. People began to complain that the rector never visited them and others were heard to say that his sermons were too long, dry and theological. They wanted to hear something modern and snappy. One day the Vestry suggested that he retire and make room for a younger man. I don't know what they expected him to retire on. They had never paid him more than \$3,000. a year and he had raised three children. His old friend and senior warden had just died and he felt like quitting. He accepted a position as an assistant in a southern parish with a stipend just enough to buy his bread and shelter him. The Vestry called a flashy young preacher to be their rector at a salary of \$5,000. per year. The Senior Warden's will was read and in it was

a bequest of half a million dollars for the parish.

The young man said, "If I went into the church I would always have the fear that I might fare like my dear old rector."

Another young fellow said he thought the world was so unfair and cruel in its judgments and criticism of the priesthood. He had known a priest who for many years had given himself body and soul to the work of the church in a small town, developing an obscure and tottering mission until it had become one of the strong, respected suburban parishes in the diocese. All through those years he had been what is known as a "man's man." He would smoke a cigar when he pleased and take a highball openly, now and then. The men of the community liked to have him present at their social affairs and dinners. They said he wasn't a killjoy, but his presence had a restraining effect on those men who ordinarily would be tempted to interpolate stories a trifle too vulgar in their speeches or to imbibe too freely of the contraband.

One Spring he was taken violently ill and

lay for weeks on a sick bed. He recovered slowly and was just getting about again when the community staged a great celebration in honor of the re-opening of their main and business thoroughfare which they had widened, repaved, and fitted out with dazzling, white street lights. There was a parade, speeches, games and entertaining of visiting firemen, lodgemen and other guests. The rector was chaplain of the fire department and the chief had insisted that he ride with him in the parade and later join the little refreshment party that was being tendered the very distinguished visitors, a senator or two, a freeholder and the chief executives of neighboring municipalities, in the mayor's chambers. Glasses were passed. He drank and on account of his weakened condition it hit him like a bolt of lightning. He just had about sense enough to get someone to drive him home. He afterwards learned that the gentleman who mixed the drinks, to be funny, had composed them of equal parts of scotch, rye, gin and apple.

Then Dame Rumor got in some of her fine work. The story went the rounds that the

rector had appeared to take part in the celebration disgracefully drunk and the fire chief had persuaded him to leave his own car and ride with him. He had a flask in his pocket and drank from it all along the line of march. When the parade was over, the chief had to take him home and carry him into the house.

One evening, after a hard day, he fell asleep in a chair in front of the fireplace. His housekeeper coming in later had found him there and awakened him, thinking he would rest better in bed.

The next day she remarked, innocently enough, to the neighboring housewife that when she had come in the night before Father Blank was "dead to the world." That became the basis of the story of another drunken orgy.

Then, to add fuel to the flames, he was calling on a parishioner one afternoon and had left his car parked before the house. The driveway was on an incline and a heavy truck, rumbling by, loosened the brake of his automobile and it rolled down the drive, across the road and was brought to a stop by coming into contact with a tree.

The car had to be towed to a garage for repairs and story number three, was drunken driving. No one could ever be found who knew the tales as facts. They had all been told to them by someone else, "And they did not want to mention any names to get anyone into trouble."

Every one of the Vestry had heard the stories and to a man they passed a vote of confidence in their rector.

Unfortunately for the rector, however, just at this time the country was entering into a period of depression and the usual Every-Member Canvass showed a decrease in the pledges for the year. The vestry became alarmed, even though most of them had reduced their own pledges, and wondered whether or not the stories that had been told about the rector were a contributory cause for the decrease. Finally, they suggested that even though it were unfair and unjust to him, it would be better for the church if he resigned, and if he really had the work of God at heart he would be willing to sacrifice himself for the welfare of the church. What could he do?

He resigned and accepted the call of a small parish in a western diocese. The young man said he had seen a letter received by the rector from his bishop. The letter read:

DEAR BLANK:

Your letter comes with the news of the separation from St. John's Church parish and all the flooded thoughts that brings with it. I would not waste much time, if I were you, either thinking about or speaking of anything critical that may be said. My own observation is that you cannot meet criticism with any satisfaction by talking, simply because talk is cheap and it is easier for irresponsible individuals to indulge in it than for those who have great conceptions of their obligations. The right way is to saw wood, carry out one's ministry while being sure that the final judgment will be right.

While I think the move is a wise one, I feel sorry at the thought of your going out of the Diocese. But then too,

it seems to me, the new start and the fresh environment which you will have are important for you just now. Certainly my mind will be with you a great deal. I often pray for you by name and you will be in my heart even if you are in the distant West.

With affectionate regard, I am

Faithfully yours,

“The easiest way out, for the Bishop, you can hear his sigh of relief between every line,” commented the young man as he finished recalling the letter to me. “Why,” he continued indignantly, “even now it isn’t all over for that rector. Some day someone from his old parish is going by chance to be in the vicinity of his new one. His name is going to be mentioned and, by no means maliciously, the old acquaintance is going to recall why the rector left the first parish. Then the story is going to start all over again. Man, I wouldn’t want to have a job like that for all the money in the world. I could really go out and get as drunk as a lord, smash five automobiles and beat up three policemen. As

long as I was able to report for work Monday morning and hold up my end nothing would be thought of it. I could even run for Congress on the strength of the fact that I took a drink occasionally and be elected. No sir! No life for me in which, if people don't agree with you, they think you a human, and a very frail and foolish one at that; and in which, if it is even suggested that you do the same thing they do themselves, when it comes to petty faults, they look upon you as a fallen saint."

Another man, a salesman by profession, said to me, "You fellows claim to be the field representatives of the biggest business in the world and salesman of an item that is more important to a man than his daily bread. You send a salesman out and then you don't protect his territory. Why, when my company gives me a district, if another salesman sells ten cents' worth there it costs him his job."

The conversation was taking place in my study, so I reached to my shelves, took down a book and showed him Canon 16, paragraph 4. "No minister of this Church shall officiate, either by preaching, leading prayer in public

worship, or by performing any other priestly or ministerial function, in the parish or within the cure, of another minister, without the consent of the minister of that parish or cure; or of one of its church wardens if, in his absence or disability, the minister fail to provide for the stated services of such parish or cure."

"Oh, you have it in your 'rules of order,' but what does it amount to in actual practice? A clergyman I know has just taken over a new territory—I mean parish—down my way. When he arrived and got settled he found that, owing to the fact of his predecessor being in poor health, the bishop had asked the rector of the adjoining parish to take care of the services in a chapel that was part of his new parish. He did not mind that; there was plenty to do in other parts of the parish, and he welcomed the neighboring rector's assistance in providing for the services. He felt, however, that as rector he was responsible for the oversight of the entire parish and included the chapel section in his 'get acquainted' visitations.

A few days after he had made his calls he

was surprised to learn that the neighboring rector had remarked that, 'he would like to know what right he had to call on the people connected with the chapel congregation.' He immediately went to see the man and told him that while he was perfectly able to take care of every service that was required in his parish but as the arrangement then in existence had come into being before he was called as rector he was willing to allow it to continue according to canons, but in order not to have any misunderstanding in the parish he wanted their respective positions and relationships made absolutely clear and as rector he would officiate at one service a month in the chapel.

The other rector said that he wasn't going to be anybody's assistant. The Bishop had asked him to take charge of the chapel and it didn't make any difference if the chapel was part of the other parish, he was the rector of it.

An appointment was made for a conference between the two rectors and the Bishop. The new rector called the Bishop's attention to the canon you have just shown me and ex-

plained that while he could serve the entire parish without aid he was willing to have the other rector assist him if it was a matter of his needing the stipend that was paid for his services.

The result of the conference was that the Bishop said, 'Well, you two gentlemen will have to straighten that matter out between yourselves. What we want to do is to satisfy the people.'

How long do you think an executive in my company would hold his job if he handled two of his salesmen in that matter?

How much respect are the people of the parish going to have for the new rector if he allows things to run along as they are and how many are going to think him arrogant and unchristian if he stands upon his rights and throws the trespasser bodily out of his parish? Boy! that man has a problem on his hands I wouldn't like to have!

If I walked into one of my customers' homes, went to a bed room, unpacked my suitcase and told the lady of the house to clear out, I liked the room and would make it my headquarters, she would promptly call a

policeman and her neighbors would applaud her action. If she could not find a policeman her husband would throw me into the streets when he came home and there would be no mob come rallying to my defense.

A man must have a great deal of courage and confidence in himself alone when he goes into the ministry."

Another reason why men choose other callings than that of the priesthood is because of the absolute uncertainty as to the possibility of advancement.

A young priest is ordained. His ability and scholarship may be less than normal, but if he has a pleasant and beautiful exterior, social grace and connections it is not long before he is the rector of a large and wealthy church with a corps of able assistants, who make any shortcomings he might have invisible to the casual eye.

On the other hand a young and serious scholar with no thought but that of serving the Master may spend his entire ministry slaving in struggling missions at a salary which is supposed never to be less than \$2,000.

a year, but sometimes may actually be under \$1,200.

In any other business or profession the average young man goes ahead as his own abilities warrant. As a rule, reaching the pinnacle through marrying the boss' daughter or saving the life of his only son occurs nowhere except in stories in the pages of some success magazine. It is otherwise, in most cases, when it comes to the ministry. Lucky is the young priest who marries a bishop's daughter or the daughter of a wealthy and powerful layman. If the young priest wants to advance from smaller to larger parishes the quality of his work has little to do with it. It is the quality of his friends that counts.

I think that it is just as right for a man in the ministry to be ambitious and desire advancement as it is for a man in any other profession, but what a pity it is that in the priesthood the man most surely to go ahead is the handshaker, the flatterer, the insincere seeker after the seat of the mighty, rather than one whose honest ability is deserving of the reward.

Take the matter of selecting the "Succes-

sors to the Apostles." How often do we find secular concerns going outside of their own ranks to pick the successor of a deceased or retiring president? The men who have been brought up with the concern, who know its policies and its practices are the ones best fitted to assume control of the helm. As a rule, they have long been trained at the right hand of the man whose shoes they are to fill.

What do we do in the church? How very seldom it is that a priest who has long worked in a diocese and is familiar with its every need and peculiarity is selected as its diocesan. How very seldom it is that some junior or missionary bishop is translated to a bigger job. As a rule, a parish priest from another diocese is elected and he must learn not only the rudiments of his new job but also the likes and dislikes of his new flock. It is not any easy task and it is no wonder that so many wise men decline the doubtful honor of the elevation to the Episcopacy.

Is there any doubt then, that before we can expect the call of the church to be adequately answered, some drastic changes must be made and a definite proposition offered?

CHAPTER III

THE REMEDY

IF ANYTHING should go wrong in a manufacturing concern; if at the end of a year the expenses were greater than the income; if an analysis of the records of the employment department showed an unwarranted turnover of labor and more positions vacant than there were applications for work, the executives would not sit around bemoaning the fact but would set to work immediately to find out what was wrong and devise a remedy for the situation which would put the balance on the right side of the ledger and keep the sheriff's sign off the factory door.

They would call in an efficiency expert who would make a survey of the plant and its operations. If they had confidence in his ability and judgment, which they no doubt would have, having called him in for that very purpose, they would follow out his suggestions and recommendations no matter who

might be slightly offended by their re-organization.

They would pay no attention to the disgruntled old employee who objected to a new and safer method for the performing of his operations, and, who in spite of a long list of minor injuries resulting from the old method, took the attitude that his grandfather and his father had worked at the same bench before him and what was good enough for them was good enough for him. Nor would they lay their plan before the prospective consumers of their product, asking their endorsement, before they put it into operation.

The same method should be used in determining and carrying out a policy for the Church that will insure its growth and its success.

The preceding chapters have been something in the way of the efficiency expert's survey. This chapter is to be the gist of his report and recommendations. One or two points that need enlarging upon and clarifying will be dealt with in separate chapters.

One of the great theories of life concern-

ing the welfare and happiness of the individual is that there is a place for every man and every man should be in his own place.

That theory should serve very well as a starting point in our working towards a remedy for the failure of desirable men to answer the call of the church.

One of my children has a little game. It consists of wooden frame with a cardboard bottom. In this bottom are numerous small holes and each hole has a different value as indicated by the number alongside of it. There are different colored marbles and if two children are playing, one will take red and the other blue. They will stand a short distance away and shoot or throw the marbles into the square. The marbles will roll around and settle into holes of different values. As the game progresses, and the holes are filled, now and then a marble will be jostled out of a hole and replaced by a newcomer. The old marble in its turn rolls to another hole, usually one of smaller value though sometimes the reverse, and frequently, lacking sufficient momentum, stops between two holes or is shunted off to the side of the square.

As I watched the children playing this game one afternoon, it struck me forcibly that this was just exactly what a man, who gave his life to the church, had to look forward to. After the years of preparation in college and seminary he was thrown on the square of church life and forced to occupy himself in whatever hole he happened to fall. It might be, eventually, that lucky chance, in bouncing him around, would jounce him into a hole of great value or leave him stranded on the edge of the square.

Many of us have known priests who were wasting their talents and their possibilities in places for which they were absolutely unfitted, simply because they had been stuck there and there was no decent and self-respecting way out.

There are many different types of work in the church and a way should be evolved which will put the right men in the right places. What a glorious future there will be for the Church when that is accomplished!

As we are dealing with men and their placement a plan should be worked out which will take care of them at their reception and pro-

vide for the advancement each is capable of.

We were reminded in the preceding chapter that one of the reasons why the call of the Church was not answered by some men, was that of economic pressure. The men concerned were not only unable to find the funds necessary to carry them through college and seminary, but even if the funds were provided for them, there would still be the necessity of making up their earning power to someone who was dependent upon it.

There are some rectors who need assistants who are not necessarily deacons or priests. One example is the secretarial or administrative work of the parish. There are also, in some places, groups of small missions that could be successfully manned by men who were not yet deacons but who were looked upon by the laity as men in orders and who would be much more effective than lay readers who now perform a similar function. No religion, seeking to be universal, can make progress with an unpaid, part-time ministry. Could not the order of the sub-diaconate be revived and only men who were ordered as such used in the aforementioned capacities?

They would continue their studies for the diaconate and the priesthood, if that were their ultimate goal, and at the same time be earning their way. The added incentive would be that they were already in orders and their advancement to the higher orders would depend upon their own diligence. Another feature would be that their work would be preparing them for their future positions.

The next step would be the diaconate where those with full university and seminary preparation would meet with those who had come from the ranks of the sub-deacons.

Here the road would come to a fork and lead in two directions. There are many jobs, especially diocesan, in the church that should be filled by men in orders but not necessarily priests' orders. Some of the priests who are now filling these posts, rarely, if ever, perform a peculiarly priestly function. A true or perpetual diaconate should be inaugurated from whose ranks men might be selected to carry on the clerical administrative work of the dioceses, provinces and general church. After a man had served the required time in deacon's orders he would choose the work of

a priest or the work of a perpetual deacon. This Triple-Diaconate will be discussed more fully in a following chapter.

The next order would be that of the priesthood in which a man would be set apart to perform the functions of that office alone and would never act in the capacity of a diocesan "go-getter" which appeals to some men, but which seems to the majority of spiritually minded church people to be a function that belongs to some one other than a priest.

Bishops could be chosen in a wiser and better way than they are now selected, but this work has to do mainly with the solving of the problem of the priesthood so the episcopate will perforce be let alone.

One thing that seems to hinder any scheme of reform is the matter of placement and advancement. The conservatives of the Church always shy at a new idea and fear to tread on someone's toes by advocating a progressive and desirable change.

The present method of selecting a rector for a parish is neither democratic nor satisfactory and many times puts clergymen and people in an embarrassing position. My own

bishop was telling me of once as a young man receiving a call to a certain parish and accepting it. After accepting the call he received a letter from one of the vestrymen, telling him that no one wanted him except the individual who had been powerful enough to bend the majority of the vestry to his will and advising him not to come. The bishop said that he was in a quandary. He felt that having accepted the call he was in duty bound to answer it, but also he wondered at the advisability of attempting work in a place where the people were determined at the outset not to like him. Finally, he decided to go ahead and do his best to make all of the people love him. He succeeded. But how would it have fared with another who lacked the personality and courage of my bishop?

The same thing occurs, however, to a greater or lesser degree in every parish of the church. It may be that all of the vestry do agree on the man to be called as rector, but the likes and dislikes of the people who compose the parish are not considered. It is a hit or miss proposition from whatever angle looked at.

I know a young priest who was very effective in a certain community. He was the type of man best fitted to work with the kind of people who made up the majority of his congregation. He did so well that he attracted the eyes of a church in a neighboring city that was looking for a rector. This church called him. He liked the parish he was in and could have continued to do good work there, making it a bigger and better parish as the years went on. The salary offered, however, by the new parish was tempting. It would be several years before his own parish could reach that figure. He accepted the call, but soon found that his new people were of a different sort from the old. His methods that worked so well in the other parish fell flat in this one. He is not living up to the expectations of the new charge and both he and the congregation are very unhappy. A little bit of irony is that the old parish fared the same way. Their new rector was more of the type that the city parish should have had and instead of advancing, it slipped back to its earlier struggling condition.

Many times too, when a good man is en-

ticed away by gold, the long interim before a new rector is secured proves, for the smaller parishes, a setback that can never be overcome; people get tired of ups and downs and withdraw their persons and their support especially if they are new adherents to the faith and can slip as easily into the Methodist body which always has a new man ready on the heels of the old.

And when it comes to missions, the people have no voice in the matter at all; they simply have to put up with whatever the bishop sends to them.

How much more simple, fair and effective it would be for all concerned if every diocese had a board composed of representatives of the various parishes and missions (to make the board more wieldy parishes and missions could be divided into groups, each group electing a representative) which did the selecting and placing of rectors for various parishes and missions when needed. This board would have at its disposal the records of all the men in the church who were in the group, or the group below that, which the vacancy matched up with, and with the approval of

the bishop, could make contact with the men on the list one after another until the vacancy was filled. In this way a vacancy could be filled within a month's time at the most, and the progress of a parish or mission would be uninterrupted.

In order to secure the possibilities of the working out of the above ideas it would be necessary to establish a common pay scale throughout the Church.

The best pay scale would be one similar to that used by our government in remunerating its soldiers. There could be one rate for the order of sub-deacons and one rate for the order of deacons, for it is expected that within a short time men will have passed through these ranks into either the perpetual-diaconate or the priesthood. In the perpetual-diaconate there could be a base-pay and provisions for a yearly increase at the discretion of the Bishop.

With the priesthood, parishes and missions could be grouped in relation to size or importance and difficulty in carrying on the work in them. A base-pay could be designated for each group and a certain percent-

age of that base-pay be added to it at the end of each two or three-year pay period. There would always be the possibility of a parish slipping into the group just above or just below it and the amount of the priest's salary would depend greatly upon his own effort or lack of it.

As a priest developed he would go gradually from one group to another until he reached the top or, in some instances, he would carry his parish with him into the other groups.

A salary scale of this sort would mean that the present system in which each parish pays its own rector what it pleases would have to be abandoned and a special Diocesan or General Church salary fund established. This will be discussed more in detail later on.

To sum up then, the remedy as suggested is:

1. A three-fold diaconate,
2. An adequate method of advancement and placement,
3. A salary from a common fund that will increase in proportion to the recipient's ability and length of service.

CHAPTER IV

A DIOCESAN OR GENERAL SALARY FUND

THE other day I met a young priest of my acquaintance who had just accepted a new charge and gone into residence there.

I asked him how things were with him and how he was getting along.

"Well," he replied, "I don't know. I am almost discouraged before I really begin to work. I have been making a few contact calls this past week and everywhere people greet me with a sort of half-amused expression and say, "Well, young man, you have a lot to learn about this parish and we hope you will be able to stay."

He then went on to give me a description of how the parish was run by a "Lay-Pope" who held the key strings to a number of large yearly subscriptions and intimated that so long as he pleased the "Pope," so long would he be secure. But, one false move, contrary

to the ideas of that gentleman, and his head would be "on the block."

He also said that he had looked up a number of people whose names had been on the parish list with the notation "inactive," trying to regain their interest in the Church, and had been informed by them that it was no use to try to get them back, for just as soon as they had started going to church in the past and were beginning to like their rector, the "Pope" would become displeased for some reason or none, gather his cohorts, among whom were most of the vestry, and the rector's resignation would soon be forthcoming. If the rector put up any kind of fight the purse strings controlled by the "Pope" would be tightened; the henchmen, all leading lights of the small community, would absent themselves from the services and soon the poor chap would be starved into looking for another cure.

There was a tremendous opportunity for the church in the territory covered by the parish, but the unspoken feeling was that it was Mr. So and So's church, not Christ's, and for the most part only those who curried

favor with the great man were interested in it.

I know another priest, working in a rural community, who went out from his own parish church to a rural center a few miles distant and gathered together a congregation of some eighty communicants who had been lost to the church for years, either absorbed into the denominations whose church was nearest them or non-attendants at divine worship.

The vestry of his parish church became displeased with something he said or did and arbitrarily asked him to resign. (I understand that has been their custom for several years back.) No matter who or what kind of man their rector was, sooner or later he would "get a blue slip in his envelope."

I suppose, if he does not resign, the various methods of forcing him out, even the "gutter-method" of attempting by slanderous whispering to destroy his reputation, will be used.

What is to become of those eighty "lost sheep" he sought and found and who love him dearly? No doubt the greater part of them

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will wander again and this time will be lost to the Church forever.

Since the Conference at Lambeth, we have been talking about a new day for the Church, "The Way of Renewal," and that is all it is going to be—TALK—unless something practical and sane is done to overcome such conditions as those I have described.

The only way the evil can be cured is by taking the matter of salaries for parish priests out of the hands of the vestries of the several parishes of a diocese and placing every priest on the payroll of the diocese.

This is actually being done now in every diocese in a partial, bad and inefficient way when a missionary priest receives diocesan help to bring his stipend up to the minimum of \$2,000. a year. If it can be done in part without anyone finding objection to it, why can't it be done entirely?

Each parish could pay into the salary fund of the Diocese or General Church the amount of salary it would feel able to pay to a rector and increase the amount occasionally as it would if it were paying the money directly to the rector.

Some parishes that are able to pay great salaries and take pride in the fact, even though the recipient may not be worth it and both parties know it, may continue to take pride in the salary they pay for the amount of the rector's remuneration could and should be a private matter between the diocesan dis-burser of salaries and the rector.

I think we all realize what a great blessing it would be if there weren't any plums and each priest were paid according to his needs and his work in the Lord.

I know that there are objections to such a scheme, on the part of the priests themselves, but they are flimsy and unchristian ones such as, "A priest in a wealthy parish must dress the part and live the part—a little brother to the rich—and therefore needs a large salary" or "A priest must look out for the future of his children and his own old age and besides, it is an incentive to development if a great parish with a big salary attached is the objective."

These, true though they be, may be passed over as no greater indictment is needed against the sincerity of the priesthood.

Why should we repeatedly admonish our people, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust consume, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven where neither moth nor rust doth consume, and where thieves do not break through and steal," if we deliberately pile up a bank account and look forward to the estate that will be left after our demise?

Another argument in favor of a Diocesan or General Salary Fund is that when the people of a parish know what their priest is being paid, if it is a small amount, never take into consideration the fact that he may think more of winning souls than of winning dollars and jump to the hasty conclusion, unless he is a man of extraordinary personality and ability, that he is only there because he can't measure up to a bigger salary and does not amount to much anyway and immediately his influence as a leader suffers.

One of the main objections on the part of a parish to a scheme of this sort is that if a rector did prove unsatisfactory to a parish and he was not being paid directly by the

parish there would be no relief from the situation for the people, feeling that other and perhaps worthier priests might be affected, would continue to pay their salary quota and their rector would continue securely in his place.

This, however, would not be the case. The matter could be simply taken up with the Board of Advancement and Placement and an adjustment made that would be satisfactory to both parties. A man might be shifted several times, but eventually find his place.

What happens under the present system? A priest does something unwise or foolish and sets his people against him. They want to get rid of him and he, poor fellow, would like to quit, but he can't resign off hand. He, perhaps, has a family to support and no money in the bank. Before he can let one job go he must have another safely landed. Some of the members of the parish have more than likely gone at once howling to the bishop, telling him what a fool, or worse, their rector is. This does not help him any in looking for a new parish. The rector may succeed in getting a nibble on his hook. A representative of the

parish that has nibbled comes around to make inquiries and the wary fish is not caught unless the representative is a good judge of men and comes to the conclusion that the rector is more sinned against than sinning. And all this while, conditions in the parish are going from bad to worse. There will be always found a group who will line up with the rector no matter what his faults may be and when he finally does find a way out there are two factions and a split that it will take years to heal. The parish is just about wrecked and if they are able to call a new rector his job is far from easy. Through no fault of his, he is handicapped at the very start.

Another fault the parishes have to find with the scheme is the fear that some of the power and authority of their vestries will be taken away in connection with the choosing of a rector.

As has been shown, in the outlining of the Board of Advancement and Placement and its functions in the preceding chapter, each parish has its representative on the Board who looks after their interests just as carefully as if the vestry itself was making the selection.

Then, too, it would be somewhat like the selection of a governor or a vice-governor for the Philippine Islands. There must be satisfaction for both parties. If a man appointed is not acceptable to the Filipinos they do not have to take him. The appointment is withdrawn and another one made of a man who is mutually satisfactory. Each vestry would have the power of ratifying or rejecting the selection of the Board. The difficulties of the system are more imaginary than real.

Another strong argument in favor of the fund is that there are some parishes, due to fortunate circumstances of location, that have on their communicant list numbers of very wealthy men, who are governing their contributions to the church according to the needs of their parish. Their rector's salary is so much, other obligations so much, and they meet them. If the rector's salary were ten times the four figures that it is they could meet it. But that would be absurd. If, however, they knew they were helping to pay the salary of the rector in the less wealthy neighboring parish (which some of them actually do now with unasked-for contributions because they

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may like the neighboring rector) the amount that favored parish could pay into the Diocesan or General Salary Fund would be doubled. There is nothing to lose and a great deal to be gained by the experiment.

Another contribution to the fund would be in cases of old and heavily endowed parishes that had outlived their usefulness in certain sections but which should be kept up for their associations and the handful of communicants that still cling to them.

I was once considered with regard to being called as rector for a parish so old and at one time so important that it numbers on its list of former rectors the names of several men who later became influential bishops of the Church. The parish was in the early days a section that had been used as a millionaires' playground. An important community had sprung up near the church and it became the seat of the County. Today, however, all of its glories are in the past. The parish church is still as beautiful as it ever was, more beautiful because it is enhanced by age. But everything else has gone. The county seat has been changed. The town is half empty and forlorn

looking. Even the jail has been locked and barred to keep intruders out. The old mansions throughout the countryside have fallen into disrepair and decay. Instead of patricians they now house the families of Jewish and Italian immigrants.

There is one endowment of the parish the income of which is to be used for the rector's salary. That income today amounts to a trifle over nine thousand dollars. The man who draws the salary has no work to do and every Sunday preaches to practically empty pews. About five miles away there is a new village that is springing up, peopled by the wage earners of a nearby city. We have no chapel in the village and it is too far away from the parish church for any but desultory attendance. The Methodists, Baptists and Romanists have thriving parishes there and some of our people are being drawn into them. If the income from that endowment could be thrown into a Diocesan or General Salary Fund the intent of the benefactors could be carried out by supplying a rector of the calibre and with the stipend of the group to which it now belonged and the surplus could

be used to provide for those people five miles away who would soon be helping others as they had been helped themselves.

Sometimes I think we clergy are prone to put our own thoughts into what we imagine is the attitude of the laity to certain innovations.

We all like to talk sometimes. I was airing my ideas to a clerical friend and he said, "I think what you propose is impractical and mainly so because it touches upon the immediate personal interest of the communicant. One of the things that makes it difficult to get missionary contributions is that they afford impersonal effort, and something of that same handicap would be manifest if the congregation did not have the privilege of supporting the minister."

I think, myself, that if the impersonal were brought closer to parochial life and the people felt that their work was being done for Christ and his Church and not the Reverend Mr. Jones, contributions for missions would increase as well as for the work at home.

To offset this gentleman's idea I have another story to tell.

One afternoon I was having tea with a group of young ladies of the parish, most of them college graduates. All of them made substantial yearly contributions toward the parish budget, either having incomes of their own or having married well.

It was shortly after the previously mentioned conversation with my clerical friend so I thought I would like to get their reaction. I went carefully into detail and told them about my Diocesan or General Salary Fund idea and, after I had finished, one of them voiced the thought of the group by blurting out, "Isn't that the way ministers are paid now?" They had no idea that each parish vestry set and paid its own salary and if I were a betting man I would be willing to wager a considerable sum of dollars against an equal number of pennies that very few communicants, outside of those who have been fortunate or unfortunate enough to have served on vestries or as parish treasurers, know or even care how their rector is paid.

I am watching with interest a little experiment that is being made in one of our dioceses. The bishop has a knotty problem on his hands

that he is trying to work out. In a certain section there are four parishes and three missions. One of the parishes with its missions is just about able to take care of itself. A combination of two of the other parishes supports one rector. In the other parish lives a multimillionaire. He contributes largely to the upkeep of the parish in which he lives, but the mission and the diocese have to pay a good part of the rector's stipend.

One of the parishes is vacant and a scheme is on foot to organize a united work in the district. The plan is to form a super-parish without destroying the separate identities of the parishes and missions already existing. The Bishop thinks that the two rectors now in the field acting as rector and associate rector of the super-parish can, with the aid of a deacon, adequately care for the entire section.

A super-vestry is to be formed with a representative from each parish and missions and a treasurer for the super-parish is to be elected. Each parish and mission is to carry its own burden of upkeep and pay into the super-treasury its contribution toward sala-

ries and diocesan quota. The stipends of the clergy are to be matters that concern them and the super-vestry alone. It is also hoped that the multimillionaire communicant will see the greater vision and govern himself accordingly.

I am, as I have said, watching this experiment with great interest, for if it succeeds in that little section of the Church, what is there to hinder the adoption of one of its principles, the General Salary Fund, or even two, for the super-vestry is the counterpart of the Board of Advancement and Placement, by the Church as a whole?

CHAPTER V

A THREE-FOLD DIACONATE

IN CHAPTER THREE, we mentioned a three-fold diaconate. The simple diaconate would remain the same as it is at present and for those men who were going on into priest's orders would be merely a stepping stone to the higher office.

The sub-diaconate, as was intimated, is a means of solving the economic problem for those young men who are desirous of entering the service of the church but are hindered from so doing by reason of the fact that they have someone who is immediately dependent upon them for support.

All sorts of suggestions have been made to fill this need in the Church. It has even been thought that men of mature age who were respected by the people of their community, held a secure position in the life of their town and were loyal Churchmen and eager to help, might be ordained to the priest-

hood and under the supervision of an archdeacon or neighboring rector serve their community in a limited way.

The great objection to that scheme is that "a chain is no stronger than its weakest link." People in the long run would not differentiate between saintly old Father Smith, a local part time priest who was not particularly learned and whose theology was quaint, and the Reverend Doctor Smythe who possessed three or four University degrees and had the mind of an Einstein. They would both be priests and Father Smith's words would be taken to be the voice of the Church equally with Dr. Smythe's.

I believe it would be found too, without exception, that every man who availed himself of the opportunity to come into the priesthood in this way, had long wished to answer the call of the Church and if it had not been for economic pressure would, as a young man, have fitted himself for that vocation.

The Sub-Diaconate would remove the economic pressure. A young man, upon recommendation of the rector and vestry of his parish church certifying as to his qualifica-

tions and also the need for him as a breadwinner in his family, such recommendation being approved by the Standing Committee and accepted by the Bishop, would be ordained to the Sub-Diaconate. He would be immediately gainfully employed by a rector as a secretary or parish assistant or by the Bishop for mission work such as lay readers now do in some dioceses. There would be a time designated in which he would be reasonably expected to complete undergraduate work for a college degree. There would be no obstacle in the way of his obtaining this, for if he were so far from an institution of higher learning as to be unable to do resident work many of our best Universities now sponsor extension courses which lead to the granting of their degree.

After he had obtained his bachelor's degree he would begin his theological studies. The best way for this to be accomplished would be for each diocese to have its own curriculum, which might be common to that of the national church seminaries or, in every case, similar to them. A faculty could be appointed, its personnel consisting of parish rectors and dio-

cesan officers who were qualified in the subjects they were to teach.

The instruction could be along the lines of the regular lecture or seminar method. Classes could be held in the evenings at a central place in the diocese. In the summer an intensive three or six weeks school could be held either by the dioceses themselves or as a provincial institution.

In this way the young man would be properly and fully prepared to meet the Board of Examining Chaplains to prove his qualification for the diaconate.

If he were going on to the priesthood his studies would continue in the same way until he was prepared to pass his priest's examinations.

If, at any time, he should fail to make reasonable progress and a "special board" should find him unfitted for the ministry, he could be dropped at once to make room for one of the candidates on the waiting list.

The foregoing may seem like a rosy dream, impossible of reality, but it has been done in just such a way by isolated individuals in so many cases that the remarkable thing is that

it has not been put into universal practice by the Church. Not only would the candidates be helped but it would prove a stimulus for the priests who composed the faculty. Too often do priests, lacking the incentive, fail to keep up their own studies after ordination.

I have in mind a priest who came into the church under peculiar and special circumstances. He was, believe it or not, (apologies to Ripley) elected rector of his parish before he was ordained deacon. He served the parish church and two missions under the supervision of the archdeacon, carried on his theological studies alone and successfully passed examinations for the diaconate and priesthood in company and in common with the class of seminary graduates for the year, being dispensed from nothing. He also continued his academic work and today holds several earned degrees and one or two honorary titles.

It might seem that his parish work must have been neglected while he applied himself to his books, but read this unexpected and voluntary tribute of his vestry on the occasion of his fifth anniversary in the parish.

Oct. 1, 1927.

"TO THE REVEREND ——

Just as Palm Sunday commemorates the entry of Christ into Jerusalem so does October first commemorate your entry into the parish of ——.

On this, the fifth anniversary of your coming to our parish, the Wardens and Vestry, wish to endorse the tribute paid you by Bishop —— at the Consecration Service, wish to congratulate you, and also wish to assure you of their continued admiration and esteem.

Secretary of the Vestry."

He was rector of that parish for a dozen or more years and he must have been pretty active in his parochial work to have his people feel like that about him.

Next we come to the Perpetual Diaconate. This is an order of the ministry sorely needed in the church of the present day. It is a disgrace to the genius of the Church that brilliant preachers and successful pastors, and even bishops should be drafted into the busi-

ness offices of the Church. It is true that these positions have to be filled and that they should be occupied by consecrated and ordained men, but they need not necessarily be priests.

What function is there, for instance, in connection with the office of Executive Secretary, Secretary for Religious Education, Secretary for Social Service and many other diocesan and general church positions that require the incumbent to be a priest? The truth is, in many instances, the fact that the holder of the office is a priest proves a detriment to the progressive work of the department. In his line of duty as secretary he visits many parishes and makes numerous contacts. He must have had an attractive personality to begin with or his bishop would not have tendered him the appointment. Usually, just when he is beginning to get the work of his new job well in hand, and the bishop is congratulating himself on his choice, a vacant parish comes forward with an attractive offer that it would be foolish to decline and unreasonable for the bishop to do anything but bid him "God Speed." Then the bishop looks around for a

new man and the process is repeated *ad infinitum*.

There are many men who would fit excellently into such positions and be continuously happy in their work. They have no taste for parochial life and are unsuccessful and unhappy in it. Just because they are misfits they have no opportunity of ever finding themselves, for what bishop would offer a diocesan job to a proven failure?

How different it would be if they had the opportunity of choosing their field in the ministry. During their period of service as sub-deacon or deacon they would, as a rule, find out for themselves whether they were fitted for the spiritual and parochial work of the priest or the administrative and clerical work of the Perpetual Diaconate.

Every other organization seems to learn things so much quicker than the Church and when it has learned its lesson it does not hesitate to put it into practice.

Before the World War, the United States Army had no separate and distinct Signal Corps as far as the officer personnel was concerned. It was taken for granted that any

officer could command signal troops and men who hardly knew a receiver from a transmitter and who never wore climbing irons in their lives or tied in a wire on the end of a cross-beam at the top of a swaying pole, were transferred from duty with the "line" and other arms of the service for that purpose.

Then came the "Big Party" telephone and telegraph men were drafted into service and formed into battalions officered by men who had been their executives in civil life.

They showed up the old system so completely that after the Armistice the Signal Corps manual was rewritten in its entirety, and today it is a distinct and separate branch of the service officered by technical graduates, some of whom, which is just the reverse of the old order, could hardly tell a trench mortar from a one pounder and would serenely stand at "parade rest" with the left foot to the rear.

Another function which could be peculiarly that of the Perpetual Deacons would be the "money raising" in the Church.

A corps of Perpetual Deacons in a Diocese or Province could conduct the Every Member Canvass in every parish of the church and

the results would be so astounding that we would want to kick ourselves because we had delayed so long before putting the system into effect.

There are hundreds of men in the United States today who are waxing fat and amassing fortunes simply because they have the ability and nerve enough to ask someone to ask somebody else for money. We can even find their advertisements, telling of the hundreds of thousands of dollars they have raised for new Church buildings or endowment funds, in our own church papers.

If the rector of a parish, the Bishop of a Diocese, or the president of a Church College desires to put on a campaign for a huge collection, he calls in one of these firms. The firm sends a campaign Director who tells a few stories of how such and such a diocese, college or parish raised a tremendous fund. He puts everybody to work, from the Bishop on down, calling on prospects whose names they themselves have furnished, with pledge cards. He then sits down at the Bishop's, rector's, or president's desk with a cigar in his mouth and tabulates the returns. And they, poor, de-

luded mortals, having furnished the materials, the personnel, and done all the work, give the credit to the firm of cash raisers who exact a comfortable split as their share of the loot and add another name to the list in their advertisement.

With perpetual deacons trained in financial and business methods the Church's dollar would go much farther than it does now.

CHAPTER VI

A SANCTIFIED AND SATISFIED PRIESTHOOD

ANYONE who has ever attended a Diocesan Convention would not find it difficult to ask himself the question, "Is there any such thing as a sanctified and satisfied priest?" His difficulty would be found in attempting to restrain himself from immediately and emphatically answering himself, "No!"

There seems to be such an undercurrent of political conspiracy; such an air of crafty watching and waiting. The priests, in attendance, with their little bands of delegates, impress one more as eager Ward leaders than holy men as they bend intently over a blank ballot recording the vote as the chief of tellers reads the result of the last count.

The highly paid rectors of the larger or wealthier parishes seem to do most of the loud speaking and have the "ring-side" seats. Some of the smaller fry act like booklickers, lick-

spittles and sycophants basking in the reflected glory of bigger men and reaching for the crumbs they will cast their way.

All that have any chance, will fight tooth and nail for election as delegate to the General Convention. The big men groom themselves for possible elevation to the episcopacy and the smaller and younger men hope to make contacts that will prove of value in helping them on their way to a more prominent parish and a larger salary.

The truly saintly priests are overlooked because they sit quietly in the rear and their names are never on the printed ballot. If the reforms advocated in our previous chapters were put into effect all this would be done away with.

There would be no selfish ambition in a priest who was running for some elective diocesan office or delegate to the General Convention.

The great need for standing in the lime-light in order to impress influential laymen of large parishes that might some day need a rector would no longer exist.

Wise and good priests, who might have

served their Church well on committees, on boards and as delegates, but were held back by the fear of being thought worldly and selfishly ambitious would be able, unrestrainedly, to give their talents to the general work of the Church.

Young priests, of exceptional ability for their age, would not be held back by the older and better known men through fear that their own chances of preference and advancement might be seized by these newcomers.

It is absolutely true that "no man can serve two masters." If a priest is spending a portion of his time thinking of and looking for the opportunity of obtaining the rectorship of a more lucrative or prominent parish, the work that he is doing is bound, in the long run, to suffer.

Then, too, the priest who practically has to raise, with his own hands, the funds to pay his salary is not going to have much time for prayer, study and spiritual things.

If a priest is expected to be different from other men, and he is expected to be,—even the parson who speaks at the Rotary Club is liked by his brother Rotarians more because they

think he is being a good fellow during that half hour especially for their benefit than because it is his natural human self—he should be given the opportunity to be different. He should be placed on such a plane, by proper organization and administration of the church, that the motives for anything he does cannot help but be unselfish. His own career should be so laid out for him that all men knowing it would realize, for instance, that he was not “pulpit pounding” for front page notice in the newspapers in order to advance himself or increase his own salary by crowding the pews of his own church.

There are more good men kept out of the Church because they think a rector is in “the game” for what he can get out of it than we are willing to admit. It sometimes takes a consecrated layman to land the hardest fish. And he is successful because the one sought realizes there is no personally selfish motive behind his efforts. The only selfishness he can be accused of is selfishness for his Church.

Under the proposed scheme the priest would stand in the same light. The added contributions of the new communicants would

mean nothing for him personally and the thought that many men have, "He isn't after me. He's after my money," would be banished and it would not be long before our average congregations boasted more men than women.

I once heard of a young churchman who offered his services to the bishop of a diocese as a lay reader. The bishop asked him to read the Services in a Mission located in a little village about thirty miles away from the city in which he lived and was employed. He became so attached to his work that he secured a house in the village and commuted to his work each day.

When he first began holding services only one man was in the congregation at the little chapel. The rest were women and children. Soon the male members of the families learned that he was earning his own living and not receiving a penny for his work at the Mission. They became interested, a large number attended regularly, and the offerings at the Services grew in size. He loved to tell of one Thanksgiving Day Service at the Mission when the congregation consisted of forty-five

men and one woman, the lone lady being his wife. He had the pleasure of preparing some of these men for confirmation, they having avoided it in boyhood, and presenting them to the bishop.

A prominent business man of the village was a member of one of the classes. He had a grown daughter who had married and gone West with her husband. She was an only child and the parents missed her so that he decided to dispose of his business and follow the young people West so that they might be near him. The day before they were scheduled to leave for their new home he received a telegram that wrecked all their plans. His son-in-law had gone suddenly insane and committed suicide.

He took the first train for his daughter's home, helped her to settle her affairs and returned with her to the village. He had been very fond of his son-in-law and he was quite shaken by the tragedy. There was no need now to go West, but his business and his home had been sold and he had to decide what to do.

He met the young churchman one day and in the course of their conversation said, "I

don't know what I would have done if I hadn't had God to help me. And you brought me to God."

I might also add that, as the Mission prospered, the men of the congregation insisted that he accept remuneration for his work there.

It is almost unnecessary to say that the majority of priests in the Church are dissatisfied with the present system and would welcome with joy any attempt at a reform.

I distributed a little pamphlet containing some thoughts relative to my Diocesan or General Salary Fund. One priest wrote, saying, "You have dealt very effectively with one of the most crying problems in the Church." Another, almost the breadth of the continent away from the first, said, "I am very much interested in your little paper as I have tried to suggest the same thing without success, and have tried to get it introduced to the Church Mission House at 281. When I was in the Diocese of Dallas I took the scheme to —— a member of the National Council, and I am sure that he at least made an attempt to get it before the Board. It is a fine thing to have

the idea aired as something of the sort will have to come about sooner or later."

Before receiving the above, I thought the idea was my "brain child" and mine alone, but I am happy to share it, for it means to me that a force outside of ourselves is working and if we but have patience God in his own good time will, perhaps using us as instruments, effect the needed reform.

One thing is true and that is this:

The life of the priesthood should be one of glorious adventure that will attract generous, large hearted men, leaving them free to attack fearlessly the foes of Christ, unhampered by the necessity of thinking and planning for their own and their families' future.

Truly they should be able, mentally, to "carry no purse, no wallet, no shoes and cater to no man on the way," and really be members of a sanctified and satisfied priesthood.

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